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Her qualities are said to be much the same as her sister's—fine tone and delicate phrasing, but not much broadness or power.

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MUSICIANS, especially orchestral ones, are a very "cranky," illogical, and sometimes disagreeable set of human beings. They get a twist into their heads, and no suggestion of profit or question of propriety suffices to budge it. One would think that a composer might certainly request, with the expectation of receiving, permission to conduct the first one or two performances of his own work in a city where it is entirely new, and therefore unknown to the performers. And one would suppose that any interested person ought to realize, from past experience, that the presence of the composer as conductor always "draws" the public. But the orchestra players of the Parisian opera see neither of these facts; or, seeing them, wilfully ignore them. Having decidedly refused to let Gounod touch the baton at the recent production of his new opera, they are now declaring that Verdi shall have nothing to do with the conducting of his "Aida," now about to be, for the first time, produced in Paris. Verdi says he *will* conduct, or the opera sha'n't be done; the musicians respond that he *sha'n't* conduct, and the opera *shall* be done. It is a very pretty little quarrel as it stands, and it will be interesting to learn its issue. From an artistic point of view, Verdi is undoubtedly right; but this is almost a sufficient reason for concluding that the musicians will have their way.

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MR. SULLIVAN has had two little concerts "all to himself." Ballad concerts they were appropriately called. For the special reason for these concerts I have sought in vain, unless it was purely and simply that some one might make a little money by making a little music, for nothing very new was presented at either concert, and the old acquaintances were not given with unusual excellence. At the first concert Miss Henrietta Beebe was too ill to appear, and this misfortune deprived that performance of its most attractive feature. The singers who did appear had the misfortune of suffering under the manipulations of an accompanist who was certainly one of the worst I ever heard. The audience was slim, and altogether the affair was lifeless and unhappy. At the second concert, given with the co-operation of the English Glee Club, matters were altered much for the better; but I was as much as ever in the dark as to the "raison d'être" of these mild performances. Does Mr. Sullivan think we do not know his songs?

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It seems disgraceful to dismiss a gigantic work like Hector Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" with a brief notice a paragraph or so in length; but I have no choice between this course and an article so extended that it would consume all the space I have at command, and be wearisome to the general reader. Few of Berlioz's works have been given here—few, that is, of his largest. Thomas gave us the "Harold in Italy" and "Romeo and Juliet" symphonies (the former more than once); and he has given us the "Rakoczy March," and one or two other portions from this "Damnation of Faust," but it was never before given here complete. Of all his gigantic works this is the crown and flower, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Damosch does not mean to starve us with but one performance of it. Berlioz said, "It is nothing to have written the 'Damnation of Faust'; the real work comes in the preparation of it for performance." Its difficulties—musical, not technical—are enormous. The chorus must, for the time being, resolve itself into a body of musicians (in the highest meaning of the word), and in many cases be prepared to attack its first notes on the principles of abstract pitch, for no assistance whatever does it get from the orchestra; to make the voices enter on a "suspension" and stick to it until the orchestra kindly makes up its mind to "resolve" it, is one of the mildest of his peculiarities. But in this great work all these peculiarities have their satisfactory dramatic reason, and their effect, when properly given, more than compensates for the labor they entail on all concerned in the performance.

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I WAS present lately at a most interesting service held in a Brooklyn Presbyterian Church. It was properly and plainly denominated a Musical Service, and

deserved its title. An excellently trained chorus of thirty voices (the regular choir of the church), under the skilled leadership of their experienced and enthusiastic organist, Mr. S. Lasar, gave the whole of Henry Smart's magnificent service in F (Morning, Communion and Evening), the opening chorus from the "Engedi" of Beethoven, the 23d Psalm for female voices of F. Schubert, and Mme. Lasar-Studwell sang "Hear ye, Israel," from the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn. Not only was the music good in quality, it was also most excellently rendered, with a vigor and firmness in all the parts, which showed that Mr. Lasar knew how to train his material into *certainly*, and a spirit which proved that he also knew how to retain their interest during all the necessarily hard work of such training. The one solo of the service was in every respect worthy of its surroundings; I have rarely heard this very trying aria so well sung. Next to the praise due to Mr. Lasar for the work which has made such a service a possibility must be put the praise due to the members of the chorus—all volunteers—who cheerfully give up at least two evenings of each week to the necessary work of rehearsals, permitting no so-called "social duties" to interfere with their self-imposed labor of love. If in every church twenty-five or thirty of the music-loving members would band themselves into just such a faithful chorus, and if the church then would pay a competent and zealous musician a sufficient sum to enable him to give sufficient time to their training, a marvellous and blessed change would come over our church music; it would become an assistance to worship instead of, as too often now, a provocative of suppressed profanity.

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THE well-known violinist, Ole Bull, has lately celebrated his seventieth birthday. I see by the newspapers that he was fêted, and congratulated, and souvenired to a fabulous amount. But why? Surely these recognitions were not extended to him as a great artist, for that he never was. A man of great magnetic power, with a romantic appearance and history, of great energy, and playing the violin fairly well, he came here and created an enthusiasm which astonished all who knew on what very slender musical capital he had raised it. When that enthusiasm began to abate he wisely went away for a time, and after a well-chosen interval reappeared. Again his fine appearance and magnetic power evoked enthusiasm, but this time in a lower art circle. The elect had been partially deceived once; but, awakened from that deception, they were not again to be magnetized. So it became necessary for him to shun more and more the great art centres, and trust for his success to smaller and more Western cities, where his playing out of tune (as he did freely) would not be quite so offensive to the hearers, and where his egotistic conceit might pass as a characteristic of genius. Little by little he passed into the ranks of "veteran" performers, and it came to be felt then that the stern criticism which would be used toward a young artist might, on account of his increasing age, be relaxed in his case. His faults (which he had always had) were kindly attributed to his increasing age, and on this footing it became possible for him to reappear in the largest cities. But the fascination was gone, and the Ole Bull worship of later years has not been even the dimmest shadow of the wild admiration of his earliest appearance. It was not, then, as a great artist that his birthday received notice. He was certainly not honored as a man of unusual age. Men live longer now than they did three generations ago, and hale men of seventy are not sufficiently scarce to be fêted for that sole reason. What, then, was the origin of the festival? A horrible demon whispers suspicion in my ear, Was it, could it be, a managerial device? an attempt to rouse again the failing interest in the "veteran violinist?" The suspicion may be all wrong, but it has a strong foundation of probability.

CARYL FLORIO.

THE following conversation is said to have actually occurred at a recent fine-art exhibition: Young lady (earnestly looking at pictures): "I wonder if these are Landseer's?" Young man (who happened to be near): "I thought they were dogs." Young lady (repressing a smile): "Yes, but are they Landseer's?" Young man (blushing and suspecting a breed of dogs unknown to him): "I thought they were pointers."

Industrial Art.

THE AMERICAN PENCIL TRADE.

THE pencil works of the Dixon Company of New Jersey, established a few years ago, present to the visitor many of those novel features in the application of machinery which appear to be characteristic of nearly every industry in the United States. Graphite of great purity is found at Ticonderoga, N. Y., both in the form suitable for the manufacture of crucibles, and for the production of what are erroneously known as "lead pencils." The graphite is reduced in mills to a fine impalpable powder, almost as mobile as water, and making the fingers as smooth as if they had been oiled. A process of mixing with a peculiar description of clay is then used, according to the degree of "hardness" desired in the pencils; and the substance having been reduced to a dough form, one of the most curious processes of the manufacture is seen. The dough is placed in a cylinder, within which a screw works a well-fitting plunger, and at the bottom is a plate having holes of the shape and size of which the "lead" is to be cut. As the coils of tenacious material issue from these holes, they are cut up in lengths equal to three pencils, straightened, flattened, and baked. It has been found possible to run a coil four thousand feet long without breaking; such a length of unbroken pencil material having been shown by the Dixon Company at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

The Americans have in their own territory that Florida cedar which makers in Europe use so largely for pencils, and great quantities of the necessary timber are cut down for the Dixon Company. The cedar is brought home to New Jersey, not in logs, but in blocks seven inches long, and these again are cut into strips measuring three and a half inches wide by three sixteenths thick. This last fact reveals two differences between the methods usually employed in Europe, for the pencil-slip is in this factory made of a width to yield six pencils, instead of being cut singly; and both halves of the pencil are alike; and not, as in the older method, one portion narrower than the other. Both sides of the pencil-slip are equally grooved; and the process of filling the slips, which is done by hand, is exceedingly interesting. Each girl engaged in filling takes up a grooved slip in one hand, a bunch of the straight "leads" in the other, and with a dexterity begotten of practice, very rapidly inserts six of the stalks in the slip. This being handed to a second girl, the latter receives from a third worker the second half of the slip, over which a brush of hot glue has just been passed. The two halves are brought together, each one, it will be remarked, embracing half of the "lead," and then, when a row of these slips has been filled, they are pressed under a screw-frame till the glue is dry. The next process is to smooth the ends where the "leads" project, and then we reach another very interesting machine. In this machine a revolving cutter seizes the slip, and with two cuts removes the superfluous wood, separates the pencils, and rounds them into shape. The pencils fall from this machine in a continuous stream, or rather in six continuous streams, each pencil finished for use, and so smooth, it is alleged, that the finest sand-paper would scratch them.

American ingenuity is also seen in an arrangement by which the chips falling from this machine are sucked away by a "blower" into the engine-room and consumed as fuel, with the result of keeping the place perfectly free from rubbish. The next curiosity is the "counting-board," a grooved board or table, on which, by rubbing a handful of pencils over it, and seeing that each groove is full, a gross of pencils can be accurately counted off in five or six seconds. Other ingenious machines are in use for staining and varnishing the pencils, stamping marks and names, and finally packing them in a singular and convenient method, the package being oval in shape. By the use of checks on the quantity of material given out, the Dixon Company boasts of being able to secure that if even one pencil of the eighty thousand made daily is abstracted it will be missed; and incidents are not wanting where this fact, being unknown and unsuspected, has brought people into trouble who thought that one pencil might be removed from amongst such large numbers. The rule of the house is, that if a pencil is missed from a room, every one employed in that room is discharged unless the pencil be found; and as there is a further rule that no one discharged shall in any case be re-employed, every one in the place is interested in securing the honesty both of visitors and co-workers.

A curious story is told of Mr. Dixon, founder of the crucible manufactory to which the pencil trade has within the last few years been added. In 1830 he proposed to make pencils, and actually showed some in Boston, where he was told he must put European labels on them if he wished them to sell. Unlike most American inventors, he took such offence at this, that instead of persevering, he went home and resolved never to make another pencil. Now, the successors to the crucible business, having resumed the attempt, make in all about four hundred different styles, in shape, quality, hardness, etc., and turn out so many pencils that it is calculated they produce one third of the entire number used annually in the United States. This success in supplanting pencils of European make is attributed to the adoption of that characteristic to which reference has already been made, the determination of American manufacturer to use machinery wherever possible in every branch of their work.—Chambers's Journal.

AN attempt is being made to substitute paper for wood in Germany in the manufacture of lead pencils. It is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After drying it is colored and resembles an ordinary cedar pencil.